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AFRAID OF THE DOG.

PUCK,

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Wednesday, August 7th, 1889.—No. 648.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is amusing to the simple democratic citizen of this republic to see what his monarchical cousins on the other side of the Atlantic are willing to pay for the empty honor of a name. Smiles wreathe his face when he reads of the millions that England expends annually for the support of a ruler who does not rule, a Monarch who does not begin to wield the personal power possessed by our own simple and democratic President. He bursts into laughter when he considers that a people who really govern themselves should be willing to tax themselves in order that some one else might appear to get the credit of governing them; and when he realizes that all this is an empty farce that every one sees through, that deceives neither king, people, nor the world at large, our simple republican observer simply clasps his hands to his sides, and rolls on the ground in wild merriment.

* * *

Who will say that he has not excuse for his mirth? Even the stolid British tax-payer, when he unloosens his purse strings further and further at every Royal Wedding, and looks down the ever widening vista of future expenditure that his present generosity is paving the way for, must, in the heaviness of heart that accompanies his lightened pocket, appreciate that he is not the dignified spectacle that he is striving so hard to seem.

* * *

But suppose that the simple democratic citizen of this republic pauses a moment in his glee over the amusing sight presented by a lot of foreign Princes and Princesses clamoring for public support, and turns his attention to his own country. Perhaps he may find something of a like nature in his own public policy to tickle his risibles. If he is an earnest, patriotic citizen, we venture to say he will not. He may find a wofully similar situation, but it will not make him laugh. He will see first a noble army of maimed, wounded, and broken heros, of sorrowing widows, bereaved parents, and helpless orphans. And he will see the public treasury opened to them to relieve their sufferings, and, so far as money and sympathy can go, to atone for the ravages of a dreadful civil war. And he will not laugh. Secondly, he will see a rushing, tearing crowd of pension-grabbers, holding on to the coat-tails of those who are rightfully the recipients of the Nation's bounty, pulling them back, pushing themselves ahead and claiming support from their neighbors, because twenty-five years ago they defended their own homes, preserved their own liberties, and kept their own country intact, and were paid for doing it. And the patriotic citizen of the republic will not laugh at this. But he would feel a great deal more comfortable if his funny British cousin was not able to see it, too.

* * *

If this same citizen looks a little further for home amusements, he will see the key of the public treasury given into the hands of one of the most conscienceless and irresponsible leaders of this rapacious horde; and he will even see the chief ruler of the Nation and one of his closest advisers afraid to interfere, even when urged on by the protests of those who have to furnish the supplies. He will see one of the "Boys," a professional politician of the lowest type, a patriot for revenue only, defying public opinion and the President himself, and elevated to the dignity of a National Issue. And then the merry citizen will go outside and weep, and call himself "racca" and "thou fool," and rend his garments, and cast dust upon his head. And in the future when he laughs at Royal Mendicants he will laugh consciously and doubtfully. For the question may present itself to him: Which is the greater object of derision? A nation putting up for a lot of helpless figure-heads, brought into being for its own gratification and glory, or a nation compelled to pay through the nose for services rendered and recompensed a quarter of a century ago?

In three years it will be four centuries since an Italian gentleman named Christopher Columbus discovered Cat Island in the Bahama group. This circumstance is now regarded as a matter for congratulation and celebration by the inhabitants of the neighboring continent of North America. For various reasons, chiefly the lack of public spirit on the part of the natives of Cat Island, and its inaccessibility, it has been determined to hold the actual celebration elsewhere, and New York seems to be the next best place. It is not claimed that Columbus ever discovered New York, but then neither is he known to have visited the sites of Washington or Chicago. So the question simply resolves itself into which city in this country is best adapted to holding an International Exhibition, or World's Fair. And of this there can be *no* question.

* * *

The World's Fair of 1892 will be organized for two purposes: to show the people of this country the products and condition of other lands, and to show to foreigners the advancement of this country in material and intellectual development. New York is the biggest city of America, and the most accessible — because every body in this country wants to come here, and almost every foreigner who visits the country has got to come here. It has accommodations for the greatest number; its climate is better adapted for such an exhibition than is that of the other cities named; it is surrounded by delightful resorts and many objects of interest, and, any how, the whole world approves of its choice for the great Exhibition.

* * *

Now, let us have a good one. It only depends upon a solid, substantial backing of the Mayor and his committees. The Washington Inaugural Celebration has proved what the Metropolis can do when its enthusiasm is once aroused. That and the spontaneous outpouring of money and sympathy for the Johnstown sufferers has tended to draw its public-spirited citizens together in bonds of friendly emulation. There could be no better time than the present for successfully organizing and carrying through this great scheme, and for showing the world that New York is not only the best city for the purpose through its natural advantages, but on account of the ardor, pride and patriotism of its citizens.

ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY MAN SWEAR.

Streeter.—I just saw a big policeman in a crowd club an old countryman over the head by mistake.

Stryker *(indignantly)*.—The great, blundering brute! What did the old man say?

Streeter.—He said: "Gracious me, suz!"

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

Reeder.—That was a capital editorial in the *World* this morning, about Dr. Brown-Sequard.

Thynker.—Yes, indeed, very good. I almost fancied that I was reading the *Sun*.

THE LATEST.

Young Lady.—Mercy! What a strange looking dog! What breed is it?

Fancier.—We call him a Russell Harrison, Mum, 'cause his head is so big.

TO PREVENT MISAPPREHENSION.

We have every reason to believe, unless a very respectable authority on whom we rely has grievously imposed upon us, that a prominent citizen has consulted one high in the council of the nation, as to whether a certain exalted person no less prominent than the latter, but not so distinguished as the former, shall be employed in a certain important transaction which, at present, is involved in the greatest obscurity. Another well-known citizen, who is more frequently consulted than any one of those referred to, although not so distinguished as the first or so prominent as the second, has nothing whatever to do with the matter above hinted at; and it is not more than probable that he will be in any way concerned in it. This is why we have cautiously abstained from giving his name, and only allude to him in order that there may be no misapprehension on this delicate subject.

ACCOMMODATION IN OKLAHOMA CITY.

Clerk of Hotel Vendome *(to newly-arrived guest)*.— I 'll put you right in here — finest room in the house, sir — the bridal chamber.

Guest.—Yes, yes, I see. Can I get a towel?

Clerk.—Oh, yes, sir — we have all the modern conveniences here, sir. Yes, sirree! Hop Sing ought to bring in the towels by to-morrow — send you one soon 's they come, sir. Any thing else?

RAILWAY PHILANTHROPY.

Exasperated Lady *(in railroad train)*.— I don't see why car windows are made so tight that no woman can raise them.

Philanthropic Brakeman *(reluctantly raising it)*.— I s'pose it 's to keep the gents behind from catchin' cold, Mum.

HANDICAPPED.

American Artist's Wife *(in Paris)*.—Why can't you sell some of your pictures to these rich Americans?

Struggling Artist *(sadly)*.— I can't talk French.

A MERE TRIFLE.

"That was a serious accident," remarked Mrs. Bawnso, looking up from the paper; "Policeman McNab attacked by a furious steer and thrown into the air."

"Not very serious," replied Bawnso; "it was merely the toss of a copper."

"NASTURTIONS"

I du like your wholesome yaller,
An' your red thet 's jes' plain red,
Though your leaves is sorter saller,
Pale-complected, yit they spread —
Spread ez if they meant to see
Jest *haow* big a leaf could be —
Spread so hard it tuk the vim
From their stems, an' left 'em slim.

What I like about you 's this —
Th' ain't no nonsense 'bout your style —
You don't show off fer a while,
Then run empt'in's — or jest *spile* —
You go at it hit-or-miss,
Right from June
You 're on hand
At your stand,
And ef 't wa'n't fer frosts in Fall,
You 'd stay bloomin', I 'll be baound,
Hull year raound —
Jest as soon!

Sump'n 'bout you seems to me
Like old times 't useter be.
Though I ain't, you understand,
No great hand,
Not to say, at po'try stuff,
(Even when I wuz a gal
I wa'n't no ways notional,)
Yit I 've thought it, times enough,
You 're jes' like a lot of childern —
Uv the plain old-fashioned kind,
(Ain't none naow, fur 's *I* c'n find,)
Ez you set a-bloomin' there,
Drinkin' in the sun an' air,
Bein' healthy, growin' rank —
Jest a lot of old-time childern,
Not too good to spank!

UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

Pastor. — Brethren, with so many of us on the downgrade, what *will* be the next stopping place?!

Tired "L" Guard *(off duty)*. — *Blicker Street!!* I 've told yer four 'r five times already. Let 'm off first!

THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

LETTER VI.

MOHAMMED BEN ALI to Ismail Mustapha, Son of the Nile and Shadow of Bagdad, greeting and gladness.

Now have I been much astonished in that I have beheld the sport of the country, and have seen the people at their pastimes. There is in the upper region of this city a place where the people assemble to witness the playing of the popular American game, which is called base-ball. There the people assemble in great crowds, as if it were a fête day, or as if a public proclamation of exemption from taxes, after the manner of our celebration of the birthday of the Prophet, was about to be made. But behold, these people pay money to gain admission to the inclosure wherein this game is played.

I am at a loss to tell thee just how this game is constructed, O Son of Merak! but it is a passing strange show. There are nine men attired in curious costumes, composed of stockings and short trousers, blouses and caps, all of which look as if they had not been washed for many ramidams. The men in the costumes have been washed, but they are not lovely to see for all that. These nine men distribute themselves about the field. Then another, attired in a different style of costume, so that he looketh like a Chinese god out for a Saturday half-holiday, cometh forward with a wooden club. He whacketh the ground, and standeth with his feet spread apart, and looketh defiantly at the nine scattered men.

Then one of these throweth a ball at the man with the club so swiftly that he hath just time to fall on his back to escape having his head taken off. The judge, who standeth near by, yelleth, "One Ball." O Pearl of Bagdad! these Americans are a strange people, to employ a judge to cry "One Ball," when a child could see there was but one. Bismillah!

The ball is thrown back to the man, and he forthwith throweth it again. This time the man with the club, being much angered, striketh the ball with exceeding great force. Then the spectators endeavor to intimidate him by yelling at him like ten thousand Nubian lions. He, being sorely frightened, starteth away at a good round pace; but when he hath put his feet on a sandbag about thirty paces away, he recovereth himself and appeareth to regard himself as safe. And though it seems that he and all the others know this, still the judge danceth about like an intoxicated Bedouin, and shrieketh, "Safe!"

Then the crowd breaketh forth with cheers, and the fugitive smileth triumphantly. Now another man cometh forward with a club. And again the man with the ball throweth it at him. Then the crowd yelleth at the man on the sandbag, and proceedeth to revile him very bitterly because he doth not run again. But he is courageous, and sticketh to his sandbag with both feet till the man with the club hitteth the ball. Then the people jump up and down, and shake hands with another, and fall upon one another's necks, and weep with joy, and shout great shouts of triumph, as if a new king had ascended his throne; while the man on the sandbag and he who struck the ball chase one another from one sandbag to the next, all around, until they have returned to the place where they started, and then they chase no more, but sit beside each other peacefully on a wooden bench. But while they are running around, the nine men in the field throw the ball continually all around the place, and run after it and fall down on it, and yell and scream like howling dervishes.

And this is the manner of the game throughout. It lasts thus for about two hours, and when it is over the crowd rush down from the seats and sing paeans of joy to the victors, as though they were conquerors in a great battle. I stood amazed when I saw this, and I turned to the man next to me, and said:

"Pray, friend, why do the people rejoice so much?"

He turned to the man next to him, and exclaimed:

"Hey, Timmy, look at der Injun wot don't know dat de Noo Yawks has beat de Bostons."

"But," said I, "this is only a game, is it not? Why should it occasion such rejoicing?"

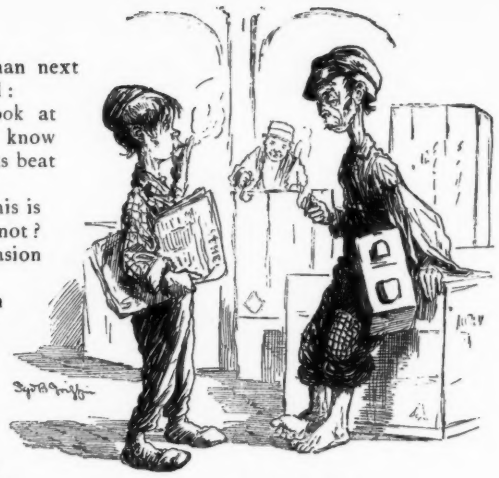
Then these two men became exceedingly wrathful.

"Chuck him out! Bounce de chump!" they cried.

In an instant a great commotion had broken forth around me. I was seized by many hands, and, in spite of my protests, carried bodily to the top of the rows of seats, and dropped over the fence. And in falling on the outside I alighted on the heads of a number of boys, who were peeping through the cracks in the fence. And they, too, reviled me with many bitter words, whose meaning I have vainly searched for in the English dictionary. I complained to a policeman who stood near by, and he said:

"Come off the roof."

I have not yet learned the meaning of this; but I do assure thee, O Terror of the Simoom! that I will go no more to the game of ball, which is rightly surnamed base.



A HARD SUMMER.

REDDY. — W'at 's de matter wid ye, Mickey? Ye don't look as healthy as ye did last Summer.

MICKEY. — What d' ye expect? When all de swells sport old-gold shoes, and all de rest wear canvas slippers and leathers, ye don't get more den t'ree shines a day.

A SHORE CHANGE.

MR. PUTTSON CALL. — My dear, before you go out let me introduce Mr. Margin to you — our head man downtown.

MISS CALL. — I 'm very much pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Margin. Papa has spoken so often of you. Let 's go up on the beach.

MR. MARGIN. — Why, certainly.

IN MUGGY WEATHER there is naturally a large demand for — "Ein stein bier!"

IT IS SUPPOSED that the idea of the military helmet was evolved from tests made on a straw-hat which had been worn in a rain-storm.

FROM THE endless discussions which it has provoked, the law for executions by electricity is likely to kill off more Judges than criminals.

A CHANCE FOR BENNY.

"Yes, this hat has certainly grown larger, or else my head has grown smaller, since election," said the President, as he stood with the historic beaver of Harrison the First resting heavily on the rims of his ears and the tip of his nose.

"Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps it will fit me better," said Russell, laughing at the comical sight presented by his father. And he transferred the hat to his own head, whence it quickly sunk clear to his shoulders.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the President, intensely amused at the discomfiture of his son.

"Let me try it," said Baby McKee. And he lowered the capacious tile over himself, completely covering his small form, with the exception of his tiny feet, which peeped out from beneath the brim.

At this the President and Russell laughed together.

"Never mind," said Benny, in muffled tones. "There 's one thing about it. My head may grow to the size of this hat, but your two never will."

G. A. E.

A TRUTHFUL TRAMP.

"Yes, sah," repeated old Colonel Waters, of Missouri, "the moment I laid my eyes on the rascal I knowed I had met him befoh. Then I remembahed that I saw him two yeahs befoh in the penitentiary at Jeffahson. 'Now I 've got you, sah,' I said to myself. He said he 'd like breakfahst, and I asked him his business. 'I am a tannah,' sah, he ansahed. 'Whah have you been wo'kin'?' I asked. 'At Jeffahson.' 'At Jeffahson! Why, sah, thah is no tannery at Jeffahson outside of the penitentiary.' 'No one knows that fact bettah than youah humble su'vant, sah,' he said; 'I spent five yeahs thah foh hoss stealin'.' Now, sah, do you wondah when I say I have no knowledge whatevah of human nachah?"

Homer Bassford.

THERE 'S MANY a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but the moustache never fails to get into the soup.

THE PEACE PROBLEM OF EUROPE — "I wonder if the other fellow's gun is really loaded?"

FRESH FROM THE STEERAGE.

McQUADE *(who has never seen an Oriental)*. — Begor! It 's good t' see a rale Irish face on this side th' wather! Where are yez from?

WUN BUNG. — G' 'long! Countee collar.

McQUADE. — Yure a liar, yez schalded-face shrimp! They 's no sich county in all Oirelan'!

A FIT SUBJECT.

"I can't imagine why that talented Mr. Chisolm takes such an enthusiastic and lively interest in Diana Chase. Why, she 's as cold as marble."

"No wonder, my dear; he 's a sculptor!"

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY — He whom Business Keeps in Town.

AS MORIARTY wandered out into the streets in a half-dazed condition, after witnessing the Chinese play, he was heard to murmur: "Oi don't wondher dat this thing was written by one av the troibe av Confuse yez!"

FROM A PENSION BUREAU point of view, the Surplus Problem is only a little matter of short division.

IF NEW YORK ever gets those asphalt pavements, they should be laid in small sections with hinges, so as not to be in the way of the excavators.

THE NEXT CRUISER is to be named the Cucumber It is expected that she will make more knots an hour than any of her predecessors.

NEW YORKERS manage to "Keep off the Grass;" but when it comes to legislation and taxation, they find it impossible to keep off the hayseed.

WE KNOW that yellow shoes do not require blacking, friend Wheeler; but after you 've worn them a week, you 'll wish that they did.

MAY THE fuel and water of the Government engine be said to be supplied by its legal tender?

MANY A MUFF makes a good catch in the matrimonial field.

SOMETHING NEW IN CHEST-WEIGHTS.

Would a man with this be asked "Is it hot enough?" etc.

MISS BUNNY ROCKS — Is n't that Effie Waite in Mr. Padelford's canoe ?

DICK ROE *(sententiously)*. — I think not.

TO A NOISY VENDER.

DISPENSER of the mackerel and cod,
You should n't gallop madly to my door,
Behind that steed with fiery crescents shod,
And your commercial query wildly roar.

You should approach with steps as light and soft
As cunning Reynard's in a field of corn,
And then your object through the still air waft
Gently, as through a charmèd Triton horn.

Yes, you should warble with a pleasant face
Soft as a sea mew — making meek salaams —
"Pickerel, blue fish, black fish, white fish, dace,
Porgies, menhaden, salmon, flounders, clams!"

On a cash basis then you 'll sing to me,
Sweet as the halcyon o'er the rippling foam,
Or the mermaid in coral caves, when she
Blows through a strip of paper on her comb.

R. K. M.

A BOTTLED ROMANCE.

An Incident of a Summer Voyage on the Mississippi.

ON THE morning of our third day out from St. Louis, the most summery of all the girl passengers saw a bottle floating down the river. Immediately there flashed across her mind all of the many stories she had heard of shipwrecked persons heaving bottles in the sea, the subsequent finding of which unfolded a tale of pity. The master of the steamboat, called by courtesy "Captain," was appealed to, and a boat was put off after the bottle. It was soon overtaken, and brought to the steamer.

"Is n't it *awful?*" said one of the girls.

"Perfectly *dread*-ful!" remarked another.

"I wonder if they 're *dead?*" sighed a third.

The "Captain" opened the bottle, and found a piece of paper. With trembling hand the sheet was extracted. The passengers were all forward by this time, and were standing with blanched faces to hear the reading of the missive from the "Father of Waters." The "Captain" began:

"The steamer 'Yantic,' with thirty excursionists aboard, went on a snag in the Little River yesterday (the 23d). All of those on board got off into the water, floating down stream on boards for several miles. I got off on a cask and floated a long distance, landing with fifteen other passengers on a small island. We were cold and cramped, and two of the party were seriously ill. Luckily, I chanced to have a bottle of Mustgo's Malaria Mystifier in my pocket, and by administering this sovereign remedy in liberal doses, we were all made to feel like new beings. For sale by all druggists."

The letter had hanging about it a suggestion of one of those manifold copying machines. I offered the suggestion, but it was very frigidly received. I felt better, however, when later in the day two more bottles were gathered in. They contained the same tale of woe.

Homer Bassford.

IT AFFECTED THE BABY'S PARENTS, TOO.

TOM BIGBEE.— I heard your baby was troublesome. What ails it?

WALKER KNIGHT *(wearily)*.— Insomnia.

WHY SMITH ESCAPED.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SNOWBALL.— Dat low-down niggar Smif done 'sulted me, Miss Angelina, lahst night.

MISS ANGELINA. — I would cut him if I were you, Mistah Snowball.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SNOWBALL.— But yer see I 'd lef' my razzer accidentally in my udder close.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.

MR. GROVER.— Ah, good morning, Bill! Allow me to congratulate you. You have been appointed to an office, I see.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY.— No; it was another William Henry. Our branch of the Henry family is not related to the Harrisons.

A COMPREHENSIVE ORDER.

MR. HYDE *(of Hyde & Tallow, Chicago)*.—Waiter, I want a dinner.

WAITER. — Will ze gentlemen haf table d'hôte, or à la carte ?

MR. HYDE. — Bring me a little of both, and have 'em put lots of gravy on it.

A REAL ENGLISH OUTFIT.

"I 'm going to run over to London next week, for a short stay," he said to his tailor, "and I want you to get me up a genuine English suit."
"Well, sir," said Fitts, the Tailor; "here 's the very latest English pattern; just imported, sir!"

"Yes, sir," said Blocks, the Hatter, "here 's the last new thing in London hats. The Prince of Wales is wearing 'em right straight along."

"If you want the real nobby English style in furnishing goods, here you are, sir," said Cuffs, the Haberdasher.

HOW THE CLOCK WORKS.

SCENE 1.—*(Washington Market Court-room. Clock points at 9 A. M. sharp. Enter* DETECTIVE HAWKE *with* PRISONER.)

COURT CLERK.—Bunker Steers to the bar.

JUSTICE DOCKETT.—What 's this man charged with?

DETECTIVE HAWKE.—The complainant does not appear, yer Honor.

JUSTICE DOCKETT.—Complaint is dismissed. Prisoner is discharged.

(Exeunt DETECTIVE HAWKE *and* BUNKER STEERS *through private door.)*

SCENE 2.—*(Same as above. Clock points at 9:02 A. M. Enter* DETECTIVE SHAW *with* MR. TIMOTHY CLOVER, *from the House of Detention.)*

DETECTIVE SHAW.—This is the complainant against Bunker Steers for swindling.

CLERK.—Two minutes too late. Case was called at nine o'clock, and complaint dismissed for want of evidence.

JUSTICE DOCKETT.—Justice can't wait for lazy people, Shaw. Your witness is released from custody. *(Exeunt* DETECTIVE SHAW *and* MR. TIMOTHY CLOVER.)

SCENE 3.—*Centre Street saloon.* DETECTIVES HAWKE *and* SHAW *discovered at table, l. c.)*

HAWKE.—Here 's the scads, Billy, *(hands* SHAW *bank-note which he takes from a roll of them,)* but ye come blamed near spoilin' de whole job. Next time ye want to wait about nine minutes longer.

"Just wear these shoes and overgaiters in London, and they 'll take you for a native!" said Peggin, the Shoemaker.

"Want a real English cane? Cert'nly, sir! Here 's the newest design, sir!" said the dealer to whom he applied.

Two Weeks Later.—Extract from London Paper.
"A young man, claiming to be an American, was arrested yesterday afternoon in Regent Street. He was attired in a grotesque and outlandish costume, and is supposed to be an escaped lunatic. He was held by the magistrate for inquiry as to his sanity."

A GOOD RULE.

UPSON DOWNES.—I've come to you, Barker, after a little advice.

BARKER CARPER.—Well, here 's some: Never ask for any.

FROM DAN unto Beersheba,
From China to Peru
The MIDSUMMER PUCK is glowing
In every rainbow hue.

OPPRESSIVE SCIENCE.

COL. KAW *(of Kansas).*—It 's gittin' so that Science, once the friend of man, is fast becoming his bitterest enemy. Here some son-of-a-gun of a scientist has discovered that chloride of lime is a better antidote for snake bites than whiskey.

COL. KENT *(of Kentucky).* What of it?

COL. KAW *(of Kansas).*—What of it? Why, man alive, you 'd know what of it if you lived in a state where you have to get your whiskey on a prescription!

THE BLARNEY STONE AND PLYMOUTH ROCK UNDER ONE TRUST.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
No longer hangs on Tara's walls
As if that soul had fled;
It wakes, at Plymouth rock to twist
The British lion's tail,
And scare the haughty Briton with
The Irish Clan-na-Gael.

AND NOW cullud society is organizing a 400 of its own. This is carrying the Ward into Africa.

IT IS CREDIBLY UNDERSTOOD that Kemmler is rising *in re* volt.

FROM THE MANNER in which he is booming the sunflower, Mr. Dana bids fair to become the latter day Oscar Wilde.

THERE CAME to the beach a poor exile
of Erin,
The dew on his wet robes hung
heavy and chill.
Ere the steamer that brought him had
got out of hearin',
He was "Aldherman Moike, inthrojoocin' a bill."

IF JOHN L. SULLIVAN decides to fight Jem Smith in San Francisco, the most favorable point from which to view the contest would probably be the Lick Observatory.

ENGLISH ROYALTY may come high, but there is nothing like shows and spectacles to keep a people quiet. Barnum himself might have founded a dynasty in other days.

WE WILL SOON have as many record-smashing ocean steamers as we now have champion pugilists. It is to be hoped that the one class will not wind up with such bursts as the other.

THE DIRECTOIRE COSTUME is said to be "just the thing" for business women's wear; but it embarrasses the business man somewhat when he meets the tails of it trailing over seven steps of an "L"-road exit.

THE EASY CHOICE O T

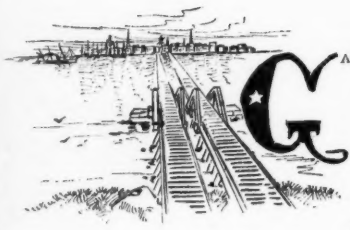
Puck. — Well done, Uncle! Your award of the apple may br l dis

OICE O THE MODERN PARIS.

pple may br l discord among the ladies, but the rest of the world is with you.

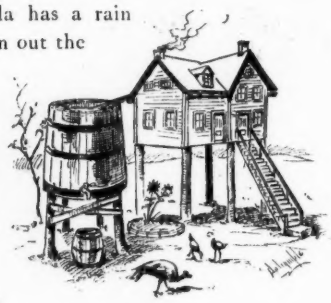
XXXVII.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.



GALVESTON was founded by pirates. They were industrious, and pushed business. The first generation has passed away. The city lies three miles out in the Gulf of Mexico, on a sand bar. At times it lies under the Gulf. The only way to get there — if you are not Paul Boyton — is to risk the wicker-work trestle of the I. & Gt. N. R. R., or engage the services of a lone star fisherman. It is a "wet" town. Some of its "wet" biteth like a tarantula, but still sells well. The city water works are salt, as you will remark when you bathe your eyes in your wash-bowl at the Tremont.

For culinary purposes, each villa has a rain tank. When it runs dry, they clean out the polliwogs. The usual architectural design is "Early Railroad." Each residence is erected on piles, so as to save the furniture from floating to Corpus Christi, when the gulf streams downstreet; so the children can have storage for velocipedes; so the chickens and dog can have a nice place to go under when it rains.



Those too poor to own a railroad aquarium borrow a pailful of water each morning of their more wealthy neighbors.

There are other tanks in Galveston.

There is also a cooler.

The circulating medium for any thing less than "four bits" is Lone Mule R. R. Co.'s tickets. Every stranger gets a vest-pocket full. They are legal tenders for break-bone fever medicine, poker chips and missionary money.

The Beach Lone Mule Line has longitudinal planking between the rails for the mule and others to walk on. The object is to make it easier for the mule. The mules are of the Shetland breed. They cost two dollars and forty cents each (in tickets). Hence the expression "2:40 on plank road."

The Star Loan Co. of the Lone Star State is open daily for business. Interest — two bits per cent. per year. Five mule tickets for "hanging up."

By transporting from the main land some acres of grazing soil, and patching over the dreary sand, some shrubs have actually been fooled into blooming between floods. Hence the appellation — Oleander City.

'Way out on the lone prairie, when you are rattling away from the scene, you pass a solitary wagoner and wonder. Wonder not. He is only picking up empty bottles tossed from the train windows by people who, in their happiness to get away, are overcome with emotion.

H. B. Stockwell.

ASKS IT NOT AS A FAVOR.

CUSTOMER *(to* GROCER *at Watkins's Corners).*— Mr. Letlive, I hear you ain't goin' to cut the second crop o' grass off your medder lot; that so?

GROCER.— Had n't thought much about it, either way.

CUSTOMER.—'Cause if you ain't, I would n't mind havin' it.

GROCER.—Well, I guess you can have it, Jabe.

CUSTOMER.— I guess you 've got a scythe somewhere 'round that I can take; or have yer?

GROCER.—Yes, I guess so.

CUSTOMER. – I s'pose I can have your horse to cart the hay with, can't I?

GROCER.—Yes, I s'pose so. *(Exit* CUSTOMER.)

OLD MAN ON THE BARREL. — Seems to me, Jabe 's ridin' a free horse pretty hard, ain't he?

GROCER. — He come in an' paid me four dollars yesterday on that bar'l o' flour he had last Fall. I expected he 'd be askin' for somethin' or other to-day.

KLEPTOMANIAC IS a long word, Cedric, and it takes a long purse to distinguish it from thief.

POETS ARE BORN, not made —— unless they can write something nobody can understand — then they are made.

OUGHT TO BE THE BEST MODEL.

HERR KUTT *(the barber).*—Vell, young mens! Vot shtyle do you vant your hair cut?

TOMMY TOMKINS.— Same style as yours!

BEHIND THE honeysuckle's trembling blooms,
A beauty fairer than the eye of day
Swung in the lazy hammock to and fro
Like a tall lily in the twilight wind,
And to her lordlet in an easy chair
She murmured in a pettish manner: "Maud"
And "Helen;" and it seemed that she would tease
Him with allusions to the various girls
That made his single days less wearisome.
And then she said: "Jessica," "Eleanor,"
Till he, provoked, looked up and thus replied:

"Abigail, Rebecca,
Myra, Isabel,
Dorothy, Jemima,
Marjorie, Estelle,
"Frances, Araminta,
Julia, Margaret,
Laura, Emma, Florence,
Dora, Violet——"

"Yes," she broke in, with just a tinge of feeling,
"I know there is a charm in 'Violet'
That always lights you with a pleasant smile.
And then there 's 'Glady's' and 'Mehetabel'
And 'Dorothy.'"
Unseen behind the vines,
She spoke as with a vexed and jealous look,
Such as she 'd wear on finding in his coat
Some faded letter with a faded flower,
The precious missive of a long past day,
Wrapt in a most celestial memory.
And as again she murmured "Marion"
And "Susan" in a most sarcastic mood,
He tootled on his comic syrinx thus:

"Angelina, Dorcas,
Cora, Sarah Jane,
Annabel, Johannah,
Harriet, Elaine,
"Rosalind, Cornelia,
Georgiana, Jean,
Evalina, Charlotte,
Agnes, Josephine—"

It seemed he took a most divine delight
In murmuring these names to let her see
He 'd have her well acquainted with his past,
To let her see he 'd been a favorite,
And have her fancy all those happy hours
Paved with rosebuds and tender memories.
So when again she trilled "Olivia,'
And followed it with "Edna" and "Lucille,"
He with a hollow and sarcastic laugh
Proceeded with no punctuation point:

"Matilda Theodora
Zuleika Mildred Fay
Carlotta Adelina
Lenore Theresa May

"Lucretia Edith Mabel
Elizabeth Louise
Oh, bother! call the blooming
Infant what you please!"

R. K. M.

THE ANARCHISTS want more, but they do not want Most.

DID ANYBODY ever hear of the Pension List being decreased on account of death; or do pensioners live forever?

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT ANY DIFFERENCE.

STAYNER *(witnessing the preparations)*. — Off for the Summer?
GADSBY *(struggling with innumerable boxes)*. — No; in for it.

JOHN'S INVITATION.

"Mr. President," remarked the Postmaster-General, "I am going to give the Chiefs of my Department a lunch to-night, and I 'd like you to be there. I will then introduce to Washington City a great Philadelphia dainty."

"What is that?" asked Baby McKee's grandpa.

"Scrapple."

A POPULAR IDEA.

FIRST PATRIOT.— Oi soy, Moike, phat d' ye t'ink o' th' proojict av sthartin' an Oirish repooblic in South Ameriky?

SECOND PATRIOT.— Th' United Shtates is a gud enough Oirish repooblic fer me! Sure do not we roon it?

FIRST PATRIOT.— Thrue fer you, Moike; but to shtart an Oirish repooblic in South Ameriky we have only to shtart a foond—

SECOND PATRIOT.— A foond is it? Be Jabers, Oi did not t'ink av thot. Oi 'm wid ye. Shtart th' foond, an' Oi 'll be treasurer.

DISTRIBUTING HIS FAVORS.

YOUNG MRS. GREENE.— Henry, dear, do you think so much bread and molasses is good for Harry?

YOUNG MR. GREENE.— Certainly it 's good for him. Don't you know "bread is the staff of life?"

YOUNG MRS. GREENE.—Ye-e-e-s—but so much molasses, you know!

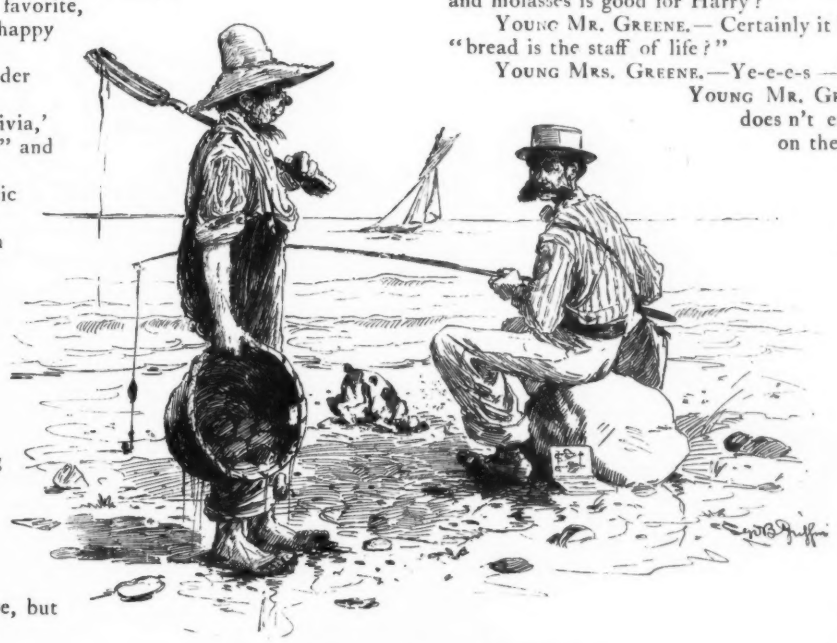
YOUNG MR. GREENE.— Well, what of it? He does n't eat the molasses; he leaves that on the door-knob.

A CONVENT IS advertised for sale at Rosedale, Ala. Nothing is said as to its possessing all the modern conveniences, nor is it stated whether the good-will and fixtures go with the property. There is no money in nunneries this year, it seems. Breweries appear to have the inside track, as it were.

NO WONDER the spoon looks so hollow and long-faced. What in the world is oftener in the soup?

THE NEAREST APPROACH to rapid transit seen in New York is the way passengers rush for the station.

LOOK NOT upon the wine when it is red — drink champagne.



HIS FIRST QUEST FOR BIVALVES.

BEACH-DWELLER. — Fine mornin'.
MR. CODDINGTON. — Yes; but not good for clam-fishing, evidently. I 've been sitting here an hour, and have n't had a bite, though I was told it was the best place on the shore for them.

Red: Brown's Ginger—
ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA. U. S. A.
TO RUB WITH
IN
RHEUMATISM.
GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS
33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK
595

"INFANTA PERFECTOS" STYLE.
A FASHIONABLE SMOKE.

$8 PER BOX

$8 PER BOX

The "La Flor de España Defina" is a Cigar guaranteed to be made of all imported tobaccos. Only the finest grades of Havanas being used in the manufacture of same. A sweet, mild and aromatic smoke. For the Opera, Park, Seashore, Railroad, Steamboat or Home Smoker. The most fastidious smoker will find pleasure in this cigar. Remit per Money Order or Draft on N. Y. Address,
THE "BEST RECORD" CIGAR FACTORY,
670 PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

HAMBURG - AMERICAN PACKET CO.
EXPRESS SERVICE between New York, Southampton and Hamburg by the new twin-screw steamers of 10,000 tons and 12,500 horse-power. *Fast Time* to London and the Continent. Steamers unexcelled for *safety, speed and comfort.*
REGULAR SERVICE: Every Thursday from New York to Plymouth (London), Cherbourg (Paris) and Hamburg. Through tickets to London and Paris. Excellent fare. Rates extremely low. Apply to the
General Office, No. 37 Broadway, New York. R. J. CORTIS, Manager.
GENERAL PASSAGE OFFICE, C. B. RICHARD & CO., 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Best on Earth?
Yes, they are; **VICTOR** riders say so. Ask them.
See the **VICTORS** for '89, Bicycles, Tricycles, Safeties. All highest grade. Illustrated catalogue free. Send for it. 588
OVERMAN WHEEL CO. MAKERS,
BOSTON, MASS.

PUCK'S LIBRARY, 10c. All Newsdealers.

A "QUERIES" COLUMN.

We (or I should say I, as I am not at this moment writing editorially) recently started a small paper, which would some day, I hoped, be a mighty power in national politics. On the second day of publication it became painfully evident that something must be done to interest the people. The public did n't appear to catch on with the vim which I had expected. I had all the news, plenty of editorial, and a full complement of reading matter. I also had personal references to half the people in the town, but the half who were not mentioned got mad because I left them out, and the half who were mentioned felt insulted because I did not say more about them. After a week of deep thought, during which the circulation was largely confined to the families of reporters and compositors, I had an inspiration.

"A 'Queries Column' is the thing!" I cried, and straightway I put the idea into practice by writing a lot of questions on history, literature, the tariff, etc., and duly answering them. The "Queries Column" took. Next day I found in my mail the following:

"When did the moon dry up?"

"Sharpe Bargan and co advertise calicos at three cents. Will they wash?"

"If A bets C that D flukes on the royal flush, and E loses first base on hot grounder from one-quarter mile pale with F nose to nose at the gh — fl. b. g. under King gambit, which takes the pot?"

"What is the color of the paper on Sullivan's bedroom?"

"Who invented the eclusematicus, and why?"

"How many papers will a town the size of this support?"

"What is the best arrangements of 'White Wings,' and what key is it in?"

"What relation is Pete Perkins, the new postmaster of Podunk, to President Harrison?"

"If a baby's back teeth come before the front teeth, what is it a sign of?"

"How many years is it since the eruption of the Yung Ling Volcano in China, said to be alluded to in the writings of Confucius as co-existent with the Flood?"

"What is the easiest, quickest, and cheapest way to get a drink in a Prohibition town where there are no drug stores, hotels, or restaurants?"

"Did Moses ever have the chicken-pox?"

"What books would you recommend to a young man who wants to be an editor?"

The brand-new plant of a defunct newspaper in a flourishing town is for sale cheap. Good reasons for selling.—*New York Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

THE CLEMENTS SAFE
Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof, combination lock safe; is made in all sizes, and sells from $35.00 upward, including cost of delivery at any railroad station east of Rocky Mountains. Send for illustrated catalogue.
M. CLEMENTS, CINCINNATI, O.
Established 1859.
AGENTS In many cities and towns agents are wanted to sell the Clements Safe to business and professional men, farmers & private families.

"PUCK'S OPPER BOOK," Price, 30 Cents.
In Board Cover, 50 Cents.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL
Low-Priced Typewriter.
FIRST-CLASS, RAPID, DURABLE, BUSINESS
WORLD TYPEWRITER, 44 characters, $10; 77 characters, $15.
Catalogue free. Typewriter Dept., POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS
BEST IN THE WORLD. $1.00 PER POUND. IN ELEGANT METAL BOX.
BY MAIL IN ONE AND TWO POUND BOXES: LARGER PACKAGES BY EXPRESS
RETAIL BRANCH, 45 WEST ST., BOSTON.
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SOHMER PIANOS
Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut St.
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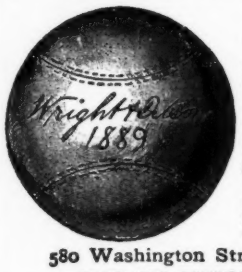
Bowery Bay Beach.
The most beautiful and popular Family Summer Resort, only 20 minutes' sail from New York. Accessible by elegant steamboats from Harlem Bridge, East 130th St. and 3d Ave., daily, 10 and 12 A. M., 2, 3:15, 4:30, 6 and 8 P. M. Saturdays, extra trip, 5:30 P. M. SUNDAYS, HOURLY, from 9 A. M. till 1 P. M., then EVERY HALF HOUR till 10 P. M., directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach; fare, 15c., excursion, 20c.; children, 5c., excursion 10c.; also by horse railroad from 92d St. (Astoria) ferry from 6 A. M. till midnight. Fare, 10c. 656

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL
BEECHAM'S PILLS
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

The Great English Medicine. Generally affirmed to be **"Worth a Guinea a Box,"**
But sold by all Druggists at **25 CENTS.**

For Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York.
who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* Please mention PUCK.

WRIGHT & DITSON.
FINE LAWN TENNIS.



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Racquets: "Sears' Special," $7.00; "Pettitt" (just out), $5.50; "Longwood," $4.00; "Park," $3.00; "Surprise," $2.00.
Portable Marking Tapes, Columbia Marker, Taylor's Patent Poles, Pettitt Shoes, Tennis Clothing, etc. 635*
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No extra charge; every American make, new or 2d hand; for young or old; lowest prices guaranteed. Send for catalogue.
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CRANDALL & CO.,
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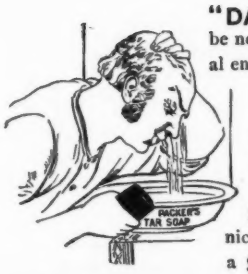
BABY CARRIAGES
in the world. The newest and best designs of our make, from $5.00 to $50.00. Wholesale and Retail. Illustrated catalogues free. 570**



"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in BALDNESS."

"The persistence of ITCHING is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a SHAMPOO with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. Prevents contagion. **25 cents.** Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

Sample, (½ cake), 10c. stamps, if PUCK is mentioned.

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N. Y. & MASS. GRANITE WORKS, W. ROBINSON, 1146 Broadway, N. Y.

His Father's Aid.

BROWN.—What 's all this you 're doing?

LITTLE JOHNNIE.—Please, Dad, teacher told me if I wanted to learn quickly I was to put down every word I did n't know, and ask you what it meant.

BROWN.—That 's an excellent plan, my boy.

LITTLE JOHNNIE.—Well, Dad, I have on this piece of paper 103 words marked down.

BROWN.—Johnnie, go right upstairs to bed this moment.—*Epoch.*

LUCK.

"I heard you were fishing yesterday," said one traveling man to another.

"Yes."

"Have any luck?"

"Yes, some; I did n't get drowned."—*Merchant Traveler.*

RICHARD may have been a cripple, but he was possessed of three good III's.—*Light.*

SANITAS

Non-Poisonous Disinfectants

The Best Antiseptics and Deodorants known to science. Do not stain nor corrode.

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

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CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago. 101

ARE YOUR CONGRESS SHOES INSURED?

WHERE INSURED? In Boston, at the office of **Hub Gore Makers,** the largest manuf'urers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on

the *inside of the Elastic* is the Insurance Seal Stamp.

HOW Insured? By this **Legal Document** which accompanies the shoes.

INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures *to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for* **ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS** *from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Isl'ds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.*

HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Signed. Albert Herbert Prest
E R Page. Treas.

WHAT Insured?—*The Elastic Gore.*

AGAINST { Shrinking. Fading. Bagging. Losing Shape. Getting Loose. Wearing Out. } SUCH SHOES { Look Better. Fit Better. Feel Better. Last Longer.

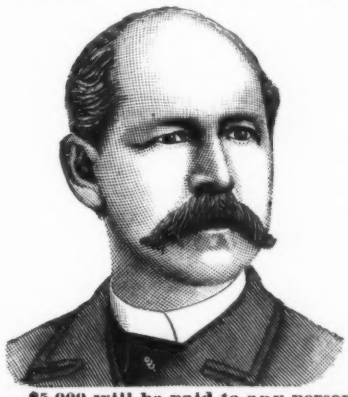
WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore *if you insist.* They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy *imitations* on which they make *extra* profit. Look out for such 'dodges.' Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.

We furnish Hub Gore to over 1,000 makers of *good* shoes and insure the shoes. 100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality.

Copyright, 1889, by Hub Gore Makers, Boston, Mass.

CAUTION **W. L. DOUGLAS'** name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against **high prices** and **inferior goods.** If your dealer does not keep the style or kind you want, or offers you shoes without **W. L. DOUGLAS'** name and price stamped on them, and says they are just as good, do not be deceived thereby, but send direct to the Factory, for you can get what you want by return mail, postage paid. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have **W. L. DOUGLAS'** name and the price stamped on the bottom and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of **W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.** In ordering by mail state whether you want Congress, Button or Lace, London cap toe, plain French toe, or narrow cap toe, and be sure to give size and width you wear. I can fit any foot that is not deformed, as my shoes are made in a great variety of widths, sizes and half sizes. I guarantee a fit, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded upon return of the shoes in good condition.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



W. L. DOUGLAS

$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

Is a fine seamless calf shoe, with Dongola tops and Oak Leather bottoms. They are made in Congress, Button and Lace on London Cap Toe, Narrow Cap Toe and Plain French Toe Lasts, in sizes from 5 to 11, including half sizes and in all widths. If you have been paying from $5 to $6 for shoes of this quality do not do so longer. One pair will wear as long as two pairs of common shoes sold by dealers that are not warranted by the manufacturer.

Our claims for this shoe over all other $3 shoes advertised, are:

1st. It contains better material.
2d. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable.
3d. It gives better general satisfaction.
4th. It costs more money to make.
5th It saves more money for the consumer.
6th. It is sold by more dealers throughout the United States.
7th. Its great success is due to merit.
8th. It can not be duplicated by any other manufacturer.
9th. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 shoe advertised.

$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statement to be untrue. The Following Lines will be found to be of the Same Quality of Excellence.

$5.00 SHOE **GENUINE HAND-SEWED,** which takes the place of custom-made shoes that cost from $7 to $9.

$4.00 SHOE **THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY HAND-SEWED WELT $4 SHOE.** Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.

$3.50 SHOE **FOR POLICEMEN.** Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

$2.50 SHOE **IS UNEXCELLED FOR HEAVY WEAR.** Best Calf Shoe for the price.

$2.25 SHOE **WORKINGMAN'S.** Is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.

$2.00 SHOE **IS EQUAL TO SHOES THAT COST FROM $3 TO $3.50.** One pair will wear longer than any shoe ever sold at the price.

$2.00 SHOE **FOR BOYS** is the best School shoe in the world.

$1.75 SHOE **YOUTH'S SCHOOL,** gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 AND $2 SHOES FOR LADIES

Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths.

STYLES OF LADIES' SHOES.

"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common Sense," "The Medium Common Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also, French Opera in Front Laces, on $3 Shoe only.

Consumers should remember that W. L. DOUGLAS is the largest and only Shoe Manufacturer in the world, supplying shoes direct from factory, thus giving all the middle men's profits to the wearer. 682

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THIS hot weather is not without its good effects. The poetry we receive these days has nothing to say about the "cold, cruel world" or the "chilly prison cell."—*Prison Mirror.*

CHAS. REED, advance agent, and press agent Boyd of 4-paws circus, visited this place during the week. No "comps" received for this.—*Prison Mirror.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Established 1865.

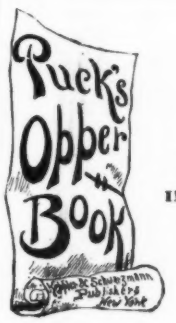
WILLIAM ROEMER, MANUFACTURER OF **Trunks and Traveling Bags**

No. 82 Fifth Avenue, *cor. 14th St., N. Y.*

The largest assortment in the city. 423

Pocket Match Safe Free to Smokers of

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢



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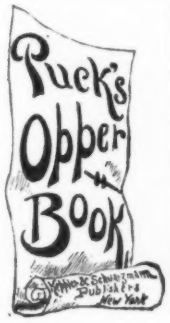

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THEATRICAL MANAGER *(gloomily).*—No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage.—*New York Weekly.*

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"That man is as brave a fellow as I ever met. Why, only last week he met his tailor, to whom he owes a cool three hundred, and, by Jove, he cut him — yes, sir — cut him dead."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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CHOLLY.—I say, Bob, what a hideous scarf!

BOB.—I know it.

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"Because no one else has one like it."—*Texas Siftings.*

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MERRITT.—Yes. He's an amateur photographer, and always takes a poor view of life.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS
IN THE UNITED STATES. 62

A GOTHAM VIEW.

NEW YORK CHILD *(on getting her first glimpse of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris).*—Oh, Mama! When French people build flats, they put up the elevator first.—*New York Weekly.*

IT is stated that all of Mr. Verestchagin's pictures are hand-painted. If this be true, Verestchagin is indeed a great artist.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

NATIONS move by cycles, says Emerson. Boys move bicycles, too.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Wear the Burt & Packard "Korrect Shape."
ALL STYLES. 634

You can never get into the good graces of a young woman by watching her get out of a hammock.—*Life.*

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Every Man and Boy should have one. They go under the Collar and keep the Collar and Front of Coat in perfect shape, without buttoning. Can not blow open. Applied and removed instantly. **Lasts a life-time.** 1,500,000 in use. 25c. post-paid. **Bullock Coat Collar Spring Co., 38 Court Square, Boston, Mass.** 678

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Suits to Order from $20.00.

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AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Address **Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.** 554

FREQUENTLY.

"I am very much opposed to prize-fighters," said a traveling man.

"Well, that is n't remarkable," responded another. "If you will notice, you will observe that the prize-fighters are frequently opposed to each other."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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This is one of the Presidents of the United States who always shaved himself with the famous "Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap." Twenty-two other Presidents did the same. Where is the bright boy or girl who can tell which one this is?

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"WHO IS IT?"

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JOHN BULL.— Bless my 'art; 'ow long is this 'ere state of things goin' to last? The 'ole civilized world is a-laughin' at me!